

The villagers possess 4000 sheep, and have not been much harassed by the Kurds. They employ Kurdish shepherds and four night watchmen, two of whom are Kurds. The head-dresses of the women are heavy with coins, and they wear stomachers and aprons so richly embroidered that no part of the original material is visible.

The *khan* is an exceptionally bad *odah*, and is absolutely crowded with horses, oxen, and men, and dim with the fumes of animal fuel and tobacco. It is indeed comically wretched. The small space round the fire is so crowded with *zaptiehs*, *katirgis*, and villagers that I have scarcely room for my chair and the ragamuffin remains of my baggage. Murphy is crouching over a fire which he is trying to fan into a state in which it will cook my un-varying Hinner—a fowl and potatoes. Moussa is as usual convulsing the company with his stories and jokes, and is cracking walnuts for me; the schoolmaster is enlarging to me on that fruitful topic—"the state of things," the sabres and rifles of my escort gleam on the blackened posts, the delectable ox and horse faces wear a look of content, as they munch and crunch their food, the risk of sleeping in a tent is discussed, and meanwhile I write spasmodically with the candle and ink on a board on my lap. I am fast coming to like these cheery evenings in the *odafis*, where one hears the news of the country and villages. The *khawji*, the man who keeps the guest-house, provides fire, light, horse-food, and the usual

country diet
at so much per head, and obtains the daily
fowl, which
costs about 6d., and is cooked while warm.
Milk can be
got from one of the cows in the stable. My
expenses
for food and lodging are from 4s. to 6s. a
night.

Matchetloo, November 19.—One of the most
un-
pleasant parts of the routine of the journey
is the return
to the *odah* at 5 A.M. after a night in the
fresh air, for
the atmosphere is so heated and foul as
almost to knock